these things better in France. It came last night, after I'd gone to bed; and the authorities of this hostelry were too con-siderate to wake me. Then this morning, they say, they thought I was so much occupied that they would do best to wait about delivering it till I was at leisure. That's French courtesy with a vengeance. How-ever, you're safely arrived at last; and that's the important thing."
"And Miriam? Miriam?" I inquired im-

patiently.

The doctors are with her even now," answered.

"You got my cable-dispatch, of course, and put off the operation?"
"Yes, I got your dispatch, and we put off the operation until the physicians all insisted that it must not be put off longer that if put off longer it would be ineffec-

gasped, "you can't mean that it has been performed?" Panie stricken, "You don't mean "As I just said, they are with her no

they are performing it at this moment."
"Heavens and earth, man! Did't I tell
you that it would imperil her life. Didn't I entreat you at all costs to defer it until I

could get here?"
"You did, certainly. But these other medical men, who were on the spot, and could examine her for themselves, were of one mind in declaring that her life would not be imperilled, and that the longer the operation was delayed, the greater would be the danger of atrophy of the optic nerve. Finally, on Wednesday of this week they fixed upon this morning as the furthest date to which they could consent to postpone it. It was a choice between going on without your presence, and taking the risk of per-manent blindness. So I had to let them

'You don't know what you have done You have done that which you will repent to your dying day." I groaned, wringing my handa. "You might have known that I should never have telegraphed as I did, that I should never have taken ship for Europe at two days' notice, unless I was master o life and death—but where are they? Take me to them. Perhaps it is not yet to late. Perhaps I am still in time to prevent it. Take me to them at once."

I doubt whether they will admit you.

They would not allow me to be present; and I am her husband. I have had to walk up and down the hall, waiting."
"Not admit me! They will admit me if I have to break down the door. Take me to

them this instant." 'Very well," be assented. "This way. He led me up a flight of stairs, and halted before a door, at which he rapped. The door was opened immediately by an elderly man in professional broadcloth, who said in French: "You may enter now. It is

My heart turned to ice. For a breathing space I could neither speak nor move. last, with the composure that is born of despair, "Fibished?" I repeated. "You have, then, trephined?"

We have." "And the patient is-" "She is not yet recovered from the annes

We entered the room. Miriam, pale and beautiful, lay unconscious upon a sofa near the window. Two other professional-look-ing gentlemen stood over her, one of whom

was familing her face.
Fairchild presented me: "The American physician, Dr. Benary. The uncle of my

I was in no mood to be courteous or cere-monious. Having bowed, "Gentlemen, I must beg of you to leave me alone with the patient," I began, addressing the company at large.

My remark created a sensation. The

French physicians exchanged perplexed glances, and a chorus of indignant Mais, onsieur's rose about my ears. "Fairehild, I am in earnest," I said. "I

insist upon these gentlemen leaving me alone with my niece. I look to you to see the they do so. I have neither the leisure no the inclination to discuss the matter. how or other, Fairchild prevailed upon them to withdraw. I suspect that they saw that I was in no frame of mind to bear

trifling with. 'I may remain?" Fairchild queried. "No, not even you. I must be quite alone with her for the present."

"Nay, do not waste time in controversy Leave me at once.' Fairchild went off.

I sat down at the side of Miriam's couch

CHAPTER XV.

By and by she opened her eyes, and they rested upon my face. It was obvious that she saw me; her blindness had been cured. Almost at once, however, she closed her eyes again; and for a little while she lay still, like one half asleep.

Suddenly she drew a quick deep breath, sat up, and looking me intently in the eyes, usked, "Well? Is it over?" "Yes, dear, it is over," I replied.

"Well, then, it is a failure, a total, abject failure. I have not lost my memory. I have forgotten nothing. I remember everything. My memory was never clearer or more circumstantial. And you-you said there was no chance of failure!" With these words, she sighed, and fell

back upon her pillow while I, with a deadly sickness at the heart, realized that the worst which I had feared had come to pass. She was Louise Massarte now. Where was Miriam Benary? She was Louise Massarte. She had begun at the exact point where Louise Massarte had left off, And the operation which she had in mind when she asked, "Is it over?" was the operation that I had performed upon her nearly five years gone by. Where was Miriam Benary? What had

become of that sweet and innocent personality? And of the love with which she had ed our lives?

"Yes, you have failed, you have failed," she said again. Then all at once starting up, and speaking passionately, "Oh, why did you interfere with me last night? Why did you cross my path and thwart my will Why did you not let me die then, when it would have been so easy? Why did you bring me here to your house, to fill me and intoxicate me with hopes that were doomed to be disappointed? Oh, it was cruel, it was cruel, of you. I was insane to listen to you. I was mad to place any sort of cred-ence in what you said. It was so palpable Leave the room. Let me get up and dress myself and go away. Where is your sister? She put away my clothes. Send her to me.

I will not be detained here longer."
What could I do? What could I say? "Oh, Miriam, Miriam," I faltered help-lessly, "calm yourself. For heaven's sake lie quiet. You will work yourself into a fever, into delirium. Your agitation may cost you your life. Lie quiet and let me poor wits are distraught."

She caught at the name, Miriam, "Miriam? Who is Miriam? Have I not told you my name? Why do you call me by another? Do you wish to mock me? to —Oh! oh! my head!" She screamed sharply, putting her hand to her head, 'What have you done to me? What have you done to my head? Oh, I had such a pain—it shot through my head. Oh, fool, imbecile, that I was, ever to enter your

At this juncture the door opened, and Fairchild antered 'I could wait outside no longer," he ex-"I heard her scream. I cannot

To my unspeakable amazement, she, at the sight of her husband (whom, I had every reason to suppose, she would not recognize), started violently, and catching her breath, exclaimed, "What! You! Henry Fairchild! Here!"

Yes, dear Miriam," Fairchild answered

Collins (the just-over hostler)—Yes told me to bang Selim's tail, sor. Of we had wan whack at it, an' Of me waitin' fer him t' cool down a bit, till Of gets another clump wid th' endgel.—Judgs.

ment? And you! Henry Fairchild! What are you doing here? You, of all men? Oh, this is some frightful trick that has been

played upon me. This old man, with his innocent face, and his protestations of good will, has trapped me here. But for what purpose? To what end? Well, Mr. Fairchild, I suppose you come as Roger Beecham's messenger. Well, speak. What During the first part of her speech it was plain that poor Fairchild simply fancied her to be raving in delirium. But when she mentioned that name, Roger Beecham, an expression of extreme horror, mingled with blank incomprehension, fell upon his face; and he stood staring at her, with knitted brows and parted lips, like a man

dumfounded and aghast.

"Roger Beecham," he repeated presently, as if dazed.

"What do you know of Roger Beecham?"

Beecham?"
"What do I know of Roger Beecham?
What comedy are you acting? What does
Louise Massarte know of Roger Beecham?" Fairchild became rigid.
"Louise Massarte," he gasped. "What have you to do with Louise Massarte? Was -tor God's sake, was she related to you? I noticed long ago a certain remote resem-blance. But why do you speak to me of Louise Massarte? What can you know of her? Dr. Benary, what has happened to her? She is delirious. What can be done?" "I am not delirious," she put in hastily.

"But either you are or you have cleverer talents as an actor than I have ever given you credit for. I cannot see the point or purpose of your mummery. Why do you pretend not to recognize me? Do you want to make me doubt my own identity?"
"Not recognize you? I? Not recognize
you, Miriam, my wife! Oh, what dreadful

insanity has come upon her!"
"I? Miriam? Your wife!" Then she laughed. "Come, Mr. Fairchild, a truce to this mystery. What is your business with me? With what commission has Mr. Beecham charged you?"

Beecham charged you?"
Fairchild sank upon a chair and pressed
his brow between his hands.
"She is out of her senses, but how comes she to know those names?" he said, as if speaking to himself. Then, turning to me, "Perhaps you, Dr. Benary, can clear this

"This is hardly a fitting time or place for attempting to," I rejoined. "If you had only respected my desires, there would have been no such occasion."

"The time and place are certainly not fitting for recrimination. Will you answer me this one question: Do you understand what she means by her references to Louise Massarte?"

"Yes I will answer that I do."

"Yes, I will answer that. I do." "Very well; I must now request you to explain that meaning to me."
"Not now, Fairchild," I protested. "It is impossible for me to do so now. But at the proper time I will tell you everythingeverything that I, myself, know."
"But the relation, the connection between them, between that woman and my wife. Were they—were they sisters?"

"No, not sisters."
"What then?" "Fairchild, I implore you to wait-' But I got no further.

From the sofa on which Miriam lay came a low peal of sarcastic laughter, which sud-denly, however, changed into a moan, and next instant she threw up her hands, gave a

sharp cry and swooned.

Fairchild was at her side in a twinkling, nd knelt there, siezing one of her hands and gazing with wild eyes into her face.
"She is dead, she is dead," he groaned frantically. "No, she has only fainted. But the con

sequences of a fainting fit in her condition may be terrible," I said.
"Oh, my darling, my darling," he sobbed, bending over her till his cheek swept her She never regained consciousness.

I have not the heart to dwell upon what followed. This paragraph out from Galignani's "Fairchild-On Wednesday morning, January 30, at the Hotel de la Bourbonnage, of phrenitis, Miriam Benary, wife of Henry Fairchild, of New York.

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NEXT SUNDAY A Complete Romantic Historic Novel by JOAQUIN MILLER. Entitled

"FOR FORTY-EIGHT DAYS."

Proved to be a Fake.

THE THEATROPHONE. The Report of a Wonderful Invention Which

Not long ago many continental newspapers contained long accounts of an alleged new and startling invention, says an English paper, which was called the theatrophone. It was described as a device for utilizing the advantages of the telephone in conjunction with those of the automatic delivery system. In coffee-houses and other places of general resort were to be placed certain iron boxes, each of which was to be connected by means of telephone wires with all the theaters in town. On a plate was to be the inscription: "Put a penny into the slot, pull out the delivery funnel, move the index hand to the name, of the desired theater, and listen." Then it was asserted, you might shut your eyes and ima-

gine that you were in the presence of Got or Bernhardt, or in a stall at the opera. For

three blissful minutes you would enjoy the

luxury, and then, unless you previously contributed another penny to the machine, the connection would be automatically in-Arrangements, it was stated, were in progress for supplying theatrophones upon easy terms to private houses; and the machine would, it was declared, be on show at the Paris Exposition. There were many leading articles on this new and brilliant invention, and handsome offers of capital for developing the theatrophone reached Paris, addressed to MM. Marinovich and Szarvady, who were said to be the lucky inventors. But, alas! the whole business was imagined by some wicked fooler. There is, it appears, no such thing as the theatro-phone; and as for MM. Marinovich and Szarvady, they are righteously savage at the liberty that has been taken with their

Time, Trouble and Money Saved. "Young man," said the deacon, "I hope

you never got to horse races." "That's right. There is nothing that leads to ruin faster. You lose your time, your money and your sense of honor. You are thrown in contract with the lowest, and you have nothing to look back upon except a life full of regrets. Keep away from the "Yes, sir, and besides what's the use of

going clear out there when there are so many pool rooms right in town." Literally Obeyed.



A DAY IN VERSAILLES

Scenes at a Grand Fete Given in Honor of President Carnot.

A PAGEANT OF GREAT SPLENDOR In the Historic Groves Once Owned French Kings Witnessed by

COACHING PARTY OF AMERICANS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 PARIS, May 14.-Last Sunday the old historical town of Versailles was in grand fete in commemoration of the visit of the President of the Republic, his Cabinet, any number of distinguished personages and more than 150,000 individuals from Paris, including untold numbers of foreign visitors. Ever so many mail coaches and private carriages made the trip to the palace town that Louis XIV. created. Our turnout was a fine one, a spanking team of four grays, wearing harness spick and span, and an extra set of silver-tipped crossbars hanging at the hind end of the conch. And you should have seen those who rode on it: Mr. and Mrs. M. H. DeYoung and Miss Dean, of San Francisco; the two Misses Libbys, of Chicago, beautiful girls, rich and good; Mrs. Cecile Wentworth, an American painter of much talent, who exhibits annually at the Salon; Mrs. Seymour, a wealthy widow from New York, charming in her ways and handsome; Mr. Gorman, President of the new bank which New York and Chicago capitalists have just started here in

Paris, and three other gentlemen. We bowled merrily up the Champs Elysees, through the Bois de Boulogne, and over the bridge at St. Cloud. Going up the hill of the old town I saw a famous lady just descending from her carriage at a corner villa, and my cry of "Vive l'Adiny !" was echoed loudly by my friends when they learned that she was not only a compatriot, but the leading prima donna of the grand opera. Mr. de Young, who held the horn, tooted Adiny a few of his best notes, and she, all radiant, sang back, "Vive l'Amer-ique!" with her purest tones.

A GLIMPSE OF THE OLD FLAG. Further up the hill we met Mr. VanBergen in an open carriage with his son, carry-ing the Star Spaugled Banner. VanBergen is one of the oldest and best liked members of the colony in Paris, and he was coming from his country residence at Montretout with the flag for his house in the Champs

Elvsee. were on the road at least two hours ahead of the Presidental party, but already there were plenty of vehicles going toward Versailles. There were also regiments of troops marching thitherward, and it was pleasant to see them give way for us that we might proceed swiftly, as all good mail coaches should. We got finally into the Avenue de Paris, and many were the reminiscences that that thoroughfare called up to those of us posted in French history. Here, more than 100 years ago, lived a cer-tain Countess who had royal favors bestowed upon her; there was the house, with its Italian balustrade, that Bontemps, head valet de chambre to Louis XIV. built after he had retired from domestic service. And it was from that house that Mehemet-Riaz Bey, the bogus Persian ambassador whom Mme. de Mantenon invented to distract her royal lover, started to the courtly reception given him by King and courtiers.

PICTURESQUE SCENES. The nearer we got to the old town the more numerous were the historical mansions; those of the Princes of Conti and of Conde, of the Duchesse d'Augouleme, and the house in which Mme. de Genlis wrote a new edi-tion of her "Annates de la Vertu." At Versailles there were flags and decorations everywhere. The people of the town were in the streets, doors and windows teemed with human beings, and there was life and animation. Versailles had completely lost the cold and solemn aspect so habitual to it. The streets were crowded with mail coaches and carriages, and every incoming train from the capital brought more spectators. The magistrates of the place were in their official robes, and so were the town authori-ties, the members of the university and the leading citizens, all awaiting the arrival of President Carnot.

Our whip knew his way to the Hotel de Reservoir, and so we missed going through the immense triangle of the Place d'Armes. There were thousands of soldiers resting at ease in that part of town. Guns were stacked, cavalry horses were without riders, and the army of Versailles was taking things easily along the sloping greensward, under the shade of the four rows of magnificent old

trees. The park of Versailles may not now be as peautiful as it was in the days of the "le Roi Soliel," but it is still a veritable Olympus, or rather an Elysian Field, where it gods do not wander, human beings may. We left the park for a while, and walked to the grand Trianon. The richly gilded and oddly furnished rooms were crowded with sightseers, so we hurried through, with hardly a glance at the royal bed which was once made up for Queen Victoria, though she never slept in it, and out of doors again, around the bend in the road to the stable

CHARIOTS OF FRENCH KINGS.

You should see the splendid chariots which emperors and kings used to ride in, in those other days. The one that carried Napoleon I. and Josephine to their coronation is valued at 200,000 francs, and weighs I know not how many thousands of pounds. It took eight stout horses to draw it through the streets of Paris, and it is wonderfully beautiful. There are half a dozen others in the same room, including one the young Prince Imperial rode in when he went from the Tuileries to Notre Dame to be baptized. It is richly made, but not much larger than the army ambulance which brought his dead body back from the rushes in Zululand. Barnum has tried frequently to buy one or two of these chariots, but the State has al-

ways refused to part with them. It was time to retrace our steps to the park again if we would see the waters in full play; and as we roamed along my mind was full of old memories of the time when these buildings, these stones, these trees, were witnesses of stirring scenes in French history. The shaded walks, the marble statues, the fountains, the orangery, and the grassy swards, all have an indesc charm in which the past is inextricably interwoven with the present, now in gay and bright colors, and now somber-like and

dark with the flow of blood. A MONARCH OF RENOWN. The dominant thought at Versailles is the presence everywhere of Louis XIV., and after him Marie Antoinette stands out the boldest. The King was an absolute prince before whom even proud Venice humbled herself and kingdoms asked of him a sovereign. He was the very apotheosis of despotic monarchs, and on the day of his death the grand old chateau that he built took on the appearance of a tomb, and its days of pride, pomp and circumstance were over until the coming of the Austrian.

Louis XV. tried to change the somber tone and failed; and it was not until the reign of and falled; and it was not until the reign of the shepherdess of the Trianon that park and palace were gay again. Once more it was dark and empty when the Revolution with all its horrors came, and the tumults of the Empire and the selfishness of the Restoration also left it in continual gloom. Restoration also left it in continual gloom.

Louis Philippe, the citizen king, cleared off the cobwebs and swept the rubbish out; he even made needed repairs, hung masterpieces on the walls, placed statues on pedestals, waxed the floors until they shone brilliantly, regilded and repainted cornices. The old chateau was turned into a museum dedicated to French glory. Time and again I have strolled through its many galleries alone or accompanied by friends. I have always enjoyed the grand half of mirrors where President Carnot banqueted last

Sunday. I have stood in that room and looked down the long perspective, and pictures have risen up before me of

GALLANT MEN, RICHLY DRESSED, with one hand clasping the hilt of the sword while the other raised their plumed hats to grand ladies in flowing gowns. I could see the Swiss Guards standing with their the Swiss Guards standing with their halberds, guards with helmets, sparkling with precious stones; favorite courtiers waiting for the King to come; officers of the palace in gorgeous uniforms; the monarch listening to the diplomatic speech of some ambassador; duchesses and dames of lesser rank sitting in superb robes on footstools at the Queen's feet. Then I could see these people moving slowly and majestically through the minuet or the pavain, and the poval personages, princes and princesses. royal personages, princes and princesses, ladies and gentlemen of rank and high degree taking part in stately movements.

There is nowhere else a vaster hall so sumptuously decorated; it is a gallery of mirrors 80 yards long, 15 wide and with a very high ceiling. There are 17 arched win-dows looking on a lawn of waters, green grass and well-kept trees, and on the other side of the room there are as many corre-sponding arcades covered the whole length with mirrors framed and ornamented with plated gold. Marble pillars, richly adorned and gilded too, stand between each mirror. The gilded cornice is decorated with the crowns of France, cocks' heads, suns and fleur-de-lis. The panels of the arches and arcades are painted in a sort of cradle-form and hold 30 pictures by Lebrun, of big and little size, the whole representing the his-tory of Louis XIV. from 1661 to 1678, and

CURIOSITIES OF VERSAILLES. This gallery of mirrors has been the from all intrusion. theater of several important events. More than 200 years ago this very month Louis XIV. received in it the Doge Lescari, accompanied by three Senators, who had been sent to make the excuses of the Republic of Genoa to the King of France. Louis de-clared himself quite satisfied with the Doge's explanation, and then good naturedly asked his republican visitor what he thought the most curious thing in Versailles. "To see myself here," replied the ruler of

Last Sunday afternoon, as we were watching the waters, I asked a lady in our party what she thought was the most curious thing at Versailles, and she made precisely that same answer. In this magnificent hall were held the fetes of the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy with the Princess of Savoy, and on that occasion king and courtiers donned costumes of a sumptuous kind never before known, and which have never been equaled since. Persian monarchs have promenaded on its well-waxed floors, and Peter the Great honored it with visit. Kings of Denmark, of Sweden, an Austrian Emperor, and a Russian Grand Duke who succeeded his mother to the im-perial throne, have been within its walls. But perhaps the grandest ruler who has ever stepped foot in it since the days of Louis Quartorze was one Wilhelm, for it was there they crowned the Emperor of Germany in It was after that that President

After President Carnot and his guests had After President Carnot and his guests had lunched and the speeches were over every-body went out into the park to see the fountains play, especially that of the Neptune basin, which had not been so worked in many years. For a long while the superbasin was almost a mass of ruins. The bas-reliefs were broken, the stones disjointed, the statues cracked—it presented a lamentable appearance. It took sight was a of ble appearance. It took eight years of skillful work to restore it as it was origi-nally, and last Sunday afternoon we all had the pleasure of seeing this grand fountain in full play. In it there are 23 enormous bases of bronzed lead, each containing little fountains, and over 60 other fountains from which the waters fall into the grand central basin. This fountain fete stretched all over the park, and it was of such, grandeur the other day as would have delighted the heart of Louis XIV., could be but have come back to life again and seen it as did our little party. Many of the crocodiles, the tortoises, crabs, nymphs, gods and goddesses have been re-gilded, the marbles have been cleaned and the borders of the fountain repaired; and as the rays of a bright May-day sun fell athwart the falling cascades, the jets and streams the effect was wondrously beautiful.

In the evening we went into the open court before the old chateau to see the fireworks. These were set off and sent up in the Place d'Armes, and there was no one in our group, either those from New York, who have seen many brilliant exhibitions of this sort, nor those from the Pacific coast, who are used to grand things, who had ever before looked on such a marvelous display. Their exclamations of astonishment and deight were as hearty as if they had been so many children. Finally we hurried back to our mail coach, made good speed to Paris, and before midnight were home again. HENRY HAVNIE

BLUNDERING ON THE TRUTH.

Cutting Remarks From the Lips of Canning Little Prattlers.

ttish American.] A gentleman, with a face "full of meteors," and a Bardolphian nose, in every respect a fully equipped "knight of the burn-ing lamp," took a child on his knee one al. The tasteful but cheap ash bedroon day and said: "My child, what a beautiful complexion you have got."
"What is a complexion?" the child asked.
"Oh, your pretty red cheeks; they are so

"And is that complexion on your no the child asked, to the confusion of our Bardolphian friend, and the amusement of the

Another child fell into a blunder through a curious but perfectly natural misunder standing. A very surly, cross-grained, and sour individual, who had a perfect genius for getting into loggerheads with everybody, had visited a family where, to the surprise of all, the surly gentleman included, one of the children paid him a great deal of attention. At last the youngster confided to the strange friend, "I should so like to stay at your house."
The gentleman was flattered with so much

attention, and in his kindest tones asked, 'And why would you like to stay at my ouse, my little man?"
"Because," said the child, with the greatest simplicity and frankness, "mamma says you are next door to a bear." The child thought of a menageric in the neighborhood; but the gentleman asked no

Snakes Seem to Know Something. Kansas City Star.]

A woman living in the vicinity of Burton was bitten the other day by a rattlesnake while ploughing in the field. There are a few things which the women of Kansas should leave for the men to do and even the snakes seem to know it.

The European Plan.



Tramp-Can I get a bite here? Dog Fancier-Which breed do you pre

questions that affect domestic service, the maids have the right of it. At least whether they have the right of it or not, the serious differences that continually arise in private SOCIETY'S SERVANTS

Beautiful Rooms for Them in the Houses of Millionaires.

PARLORS AND BILLIARD ROOMS For Their Use in the Mansions of the Vanderbilts and Others.

tion better, at least in this respect. French apartment houses are built around a court. In what is called a hotel bourgeois the apartments are owned by those who live in them, and the servants' live is kept per-THE DIGNITY OF FRENCH DOMESTICS

feetly distinct. The servant's entrance is by a private stairway in the rear of the

court. The main apartment connects with this division by a single door. When the labor of the day is over this door is locked.

The servant cannot enter it, but the servant is free. When she goes out and when she

comes in is of no consequence to anybody but herself. This personal freedom is more

valued than wages. And it accounts for the fidelity and long service that French

servants give.
In the French apartments that are let the

servants' rooms are in the mansard. And

the results are not quite so admirable. The

social qualities of the French are here un-loosed; the gossip of each family is private property. Marketing in France, as every one knows, is done by the servants, who

keep a book and each month receive their

commissions from the trades people. In these servants' quarters there is a commu-nity of interests, and at the end of the month the different commissions are appor-

tioned equitably. This prevents peaching on the part of some less fortunate servant in a family inconveniently small or unwar-

ABSOLUTE AUTROCRATS IN FRANCE.

are absolutely free, and it would be a mis-

tress of courage who would endeavor to visit

them or assert any authority. The servant's

self respect would consider itself insulted, and the proprietor of it would discharge himself the next morning.

French servants in this country sometimes

enforce this rule on the mistresses. In the W. K. Vanderbilt house the only staircase

chef told her if she repeated the offence he

who work for a living is in the personal re-

straints they are subjected to. Numerous and repeated efforts have been made to in-

The first is that the men whom they may expect to marry will not visit them if they

live out. The current phrase is, "A man

will not marry me out of anybody's kitchen." This puts the blame where it be-

considered unreasonable. The girl may

consider household service honorable, but the

MORE FREEDOM NECESSARY.

domestic service ranged more within

A CRACKER AND SAM JONES.

One of the Curious Experiences in the Revi-

valist's Career as Retated by Himself.

In conversation with a friend in this city few days ago with regard to curious ex-

ing manner:
"'Now my friends how many of you

want to go to heaven? All that desire to sit

down in the beautiful mansions on high will

please stand up.' Nearly every person in the house arose, and after they had resumed their seats I asked if there was anyone present who expected to reach the bottom-

"Of course, that finished my work that night-

The angel Gabriel couldn't have stopped the roar of laughter which swept over that audience like a cyclone, and I adjourned

the meeting as quickly as I could with com-

A Slight Misapprehension.

Rev. G. Washington Shortext-I s'pects

dat if de debble was to look inter dat ar window an' shake a bag ob gold at yo' nig-

gahs, da wouldn't be one ob yo'u but what-

New York Evening Sun.1

nes goin'

mon decency.

Within their own apartments the servants

rantably economical.

would leave.

cient and reasonable.

man does not.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The lodging of servants appears to part of the great domestic problem. On this subject among mistresses there is a vast discrepancy of opinion. I know of an amiable and opulent couple who always choose their town house with reference to the servants' rooms. They argue that in every house they and their guests can be made comfortable, but not in every house can each of the five servants have a room alone. So far they should be treated as members of the family. This is a necessity for for their self respect, and self respect is an element in faithful service.

When it is impossible to give each servant a room, said the lady talking on the subject these paintings still preserve all their or- not long ago, there should be large screens provided separating the rooms, for it is every human being's right to have one spot secure On the other hand, a cook on a rampage

will not be deterred for a moment by the fact that she has an airy, sunny room, and at her next place she may have to sleep in a dark hole off the kitchen with the other servants. At this moment a house in which the servants are superbly lodged is in the throes of a domestic cataclysm because the cook insists on baking the fish without the head and tail, and the mistress declares that the servants are simply spoiled by good treatment.

WIDELY DIFFERENT IDEAS. In servantdom, the conditions of living are as widely diverse as between Eleventh avenue and Fifth avenue, only in this case the conditions of Eleventh avenue are found as likely as not in Fifth. The housing of servants in some of the crowded fashionable

boarding houses, and especially in English basement houses, is nauscating. The top floor is too valuable as rented space for ser-vants, so they are packed away in the basement. The basement of an English base-ment house is below the level of the street and midway between the small front room and the kirchen; the servants sleep in windowless rooms, and not infrequently have folding beds in the kitchen—a fact which is discreetly kept from the boarders at break-

In the new houses, those which represent Thiers gave there's banquet in honor of the datest and best things in architecture Queen of England and the Prince and and domestic luxury, the provision for Thiers gave there's banquet in honor of the Queen of England and the Prince and Princess of Wales; and it was there President MacMahon gave the ball during the Exposition of 1878, to which too many persons were invited, and where nearly a thousand of us lost our hats and overcoats.

A GRAND SPECTACLE. ing the men and maids. The rooms are fitted in hard woods and tastefully turnished with furniture of light wood. Two bath rooms, quite as comfortably appointed as those of of the lower floor, made part of

the servants' suite.

In Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's house the social life of the servants has been considered even iuxurious. The basement is theirs exclusively. The entrance is by a special door. In front is a billiard room for the men and a parlor and sitting room for the maids. Their sleeping rooms are in the mansard. These are finished in hard wood and attractively furnished. In the mansard also is a large room given over for their entertainment, where at times they may hold a servants' ball.

ELEVATORS AND BATH ROOMS. In Mr. Marquand's house the humanities are still further regarded. A servanta' ele-vator extends from the basement to the liv-ing rooms on the top floor. Here they have prettily appointed bed rooms and bath rooms lined with enamel tiles and answering to the most scrupulous demands of cleanliness The housekeeper has here her suite of rooms including a parlor. The square hall in Mr. Marquand's house is carried to the roof, and gives place on each floor to a baleony and corridor. This is not omitted on the servants' floor, where through perforated carvings they can look down on any gala scene below. Another instance of Mr. Marquand's thoughtfulness is in a stairway leading to the roof, which has been terraced. Here in the cool nights, instead of hanging over the area to catch a breath of air, the servants can sit and enjoy the famous southwest wind that so seldom fails and look down on

the myriad-lighted town, a view in every season full of beauty.

These, it must be confessed, are exceptional provisions, and only possible in an unusually large and specially constructed house. The general standard of servants' comfort, however, is higher. Many mis-tresses take pride in their servants' rooms and make show places of them. In this case the servants are obliged to keep them tidy. I was in a servants' room the other day in one of the magnificent apartments on Central Park. A velvet carpet covered the floor, and the furniture was in keeping. sets are chosen for servants' rooms, and the clean and comely bedsteads of black enameled iron. Some mistress go further and add book shelves and possibly a few books, according to their zeal. The prints from the illustrated papers and attractive supplements of the Graphic and Illustrated News are saved for their adornment. Young housekeepers particularly take delight in giving their personal attention to establish-ing their servants. In this case their shock

at the ingratitude of a servant who walks off in the midst of the ironing or dinner is proportionately great. APARTMENT HOUSES. The problem of servants is increased in apartment houses. In those houses in which rents are over \$1,000 a year the servants' quarters are on the top floor. The rooms are not large, but are well supplied with light and air, not to speak of the more esthetic aspect included in views and sunsets. In the smaller apartment houses the servants' rooms are diminutive holes on wells. No ray of sun discovers them and the air is re-ceived from the basements, with such additions as it collects from the inhabited rooms on the way up to the roof. Often the effect on the health is perceptible. In some houses it is worse than others. A doctor from Roosevelt Hospital not long ago said of a certain apartment house that it always furnished at least one hospital patient. "There is no use of my doing anything for you if you go back there," he said to a servant whom he had just repaired. In the smaller apartments it is rarely nec-

essary, and never convenient to keep more than one servant. The shifts to keep two are sometimes ingenious and amusing. The are sometimes ingenious and amusing. The device of one mistress consisted of placing two iron cot bedsteads one on top of the other like steamer berths. One crept in and the other mounted. They had wire bottoms and nice clean mattresses, and were in every way comfortable. A servant, she said, at first objected, but finally occepted them.
In apartment houses when the servants

In apartment houses when the servants rooms are on the same floor with the inmily, the life of the servant is so inextricably tangled up with that of the family that the chances of friction are largely increased. There is no servants atting room, and if there were it would not only be disagreeable but unsafe to have followers or even visitors who wear bonnets and shawls so near the family rooms as they must be in an apartfamily rooms, as they must be in an apart-ment house. Whatever interferes with this intercourse disturbs those amicable rela-tions which one would wish to preserve between mistress and maids.

EVENINGS MUST BE FREE. It is difficult to make mistresses by FROM A STAGE ROOF.

households do not involve the matter of Shirley Dare Reviews the Fashions as Seen on Fifth Avenue.

lodgment or of hard work, but spring from personal restraint and long hours. A servant may be willing to sleep in a hole and be without light and air, and to work like a locomotive by day, but she wants her evenings free. She cannot see when her work is over why she should sit in an apartment kitchen alone until bed time.

In France they manage the servant question better, at least in this respect. French LACE GOWNS, HATS AND PARASOLS.

White Bonnets All the Rage for Fetes, Visits and Theater.

SOME ANSWERS TO ANXIOUS INQUIRERS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) The May weather is at its brightest, the streets lined with flower sellers offering neaps of mignonette and many-colored oses, and the charm of the Spring City between its rivers is at its best. New York might be, and will yet be, a veritable pleasure city as much as Paris or Nice. when its artistic element gains ascendency and politics allow it to become the cleanest city on the continent, as it ought to be.

A feature which strikes one from other cities is the Fifth avenue stages, with seats on the roof, filled with ladies and children, riding up to Central Park and taking all and sunlight possible on the way. A narrow winding stair starts from the wide steps at the back of the stage, so that it is perfeetly easy to ascend to the roof, where seats very like school forms are ranged in rows, taken by women who know the value of air and sunshine. It is a very good place to see the dress parade up the avenue, for two miles and more, the wedding turnouts at the churches, the fresh toilets just from the custom house, and the picturesque houses near the park which give a lovely half-foreign air to the brown stone region. In the park bright carriages are flashing down the drives, the white collars and silver chains adding to their brilliance, and the wide

lawns reach in fragrant greenness when THE GAY THEONG passes the bust of Mazzini, the sad, forcible,

from the first floor to the basement is through the butler's pantry. Mrs. Vanderbilt short-ly after they went into the house told a gen-man who is my informant that one day she went down into her kitchen, and her French far-seeing face dreaming over against the promenade and the peaceful meadows. The fashions of the fair time are artistic and captivating, a study of historic coquetries, efined and toned down, from the chapeaus and cocked hats in white straw and moire ribbons to the vapory lace hats, This is an extreme case, but it is true that the great objection to domestic service by the better and more intelligent class of girls piled with white lilacs, and the pale, sum-mery toilets which make women appear beautiful because their gowns are so. The lace dress, the lace hat and parasol are the toilet of the season, which makes any duce girls who work for starvation wages in factories to go into service. All objections may be sifted down to two which are suffi-

woman attractive.
The straight gathered drapery of lace falls over a close silk skirt, the fan waist or surdice waist, with its high ruff about the neck, is only relieved by the na.row white pearl edged ribbon tied round the throat, with a little bow in front, in place of collar or ruche, the same ribbon at the wrist with a little bow and ends falling out of the open longs—on the men. The desire of the girls to marry and to marry men who desire to better themselves in the world will not be cuff. The dress is hardly complete without the big sash of soft moire or the flots of moire ribbon; the transparent hat is not over large, the vapory plain black net being preferred for its lightness of effect, shirred on satin wires, and trimmed with flowers veited by cascades of lace.

If servants were allowed more freedom; if THE FINEST MILLINERY a girl, when her work was over, was free to come and go as she liked, her contract with her mistress having been fulfilled, men would not have to seek them in somebody's artists aim at this effect of color toned down by lace, which falls half over them, and it is particularly softening to the com-plexion. The parasol is of the same lace as kitchen. In that case the objection to dopiexion. The parasol is of the same face as the dress, and its long slender handle is dressed with ribbons like a shepherd's crook. A bow at the top with rather long ends, one-half way up the handle, and one on the large ring at the lower end are seen on French sunshades of gathered silk-striped mestic service by the more capable of working girls would be removed. With the knowledge I have of working girls, of their high principles, of their correct lives, of their fidelity and devotion, I do not hesitate to say if these objections could be removed, if larger concessions were made, and however, and the lower end are seen on French sunshades of gathered silk-striped net. The fragrant cherry wood handles are choice, but twisted silver seems to be the

rule. provisions of other means of livelihood, this class of girls would be more likely to enter Graceful little shoulder capes and mantles from the private modiste's are combinations it, and in that case the woes of mistresses would be greatly lessened and the service of silk crochet, the finest seed jet and lace, airy enough to be no perceptible addition to attire, while adding the needed lines of drapery about the shoulders. Many eyes are old-fashioned and artistic enough to feel that greatly improved.

Domestic service is so much in line with the ultimate and hoped-for destination of working girls as wives and mothers that a woman who goes out in the street in a close-fitting dress without the semblance of a wrap, looks as if she had forgotten part of working the same there training than they would receive in a well-conducted household. If they could be led to regard it is a training school for wives instead of a bara wrap, looks as it see had forgotten part of her costume. The newest and best mantles are a deep, pointed collar or fichu of crochet and fine beading, with fall of pleated lace for a sleeve, and lace frilled deeply under the border of rose-crochet. Fine mantles fol-low the color of the costume, in bronze, grayrier to matrimony the intelligence offices would be crowded with wide-awake, intelli-gent, clear-headed girls instead of by the shiftless, slatternly and incompetent servshiftless, slatternly and incompetent serv-ants that now, as every mistress will bear me out, make up the largest part of that company. MARY GAY HUMPHREYS. pearl, silver, bright steel and blue steel, pale garnet to go with shades of old rose, and all crochet of fine tricot stitch to suit the gobelin blues which do not take beading

DRESS OF CROCHET. Long jersey-fitting bodices of crochet in purse silk, with just enough beading to be in fine taste, imported at \$35 each, very useful in adding richness to any black silk dress, are among the standard pieces of the painting hell in all its vividness of color, all its suggestions of ghastly significance and shudderings, and then, by way of contrast, I pictured the delights of heaven as I understood them. Having grought my audience up to the proper pitch, I thrust in my sickle to reap the harvest in the following manner:

"Now my friends how want to go the date, Different parts of the dress are made in crochet, to give the fashionable puffs and straps without cutting up the fashio of the gown. Rich, plain black silks have Medici collars and shoulder pieces in black crochet, the wide, flaring collar which lends becoming meaner:

"Now my friends how want to go the date, Different parts of the dress are made in crochet, to give the fashionable puffs and straps without cutting up the fashionable puffs an ing nearly to the elbows: sometimes the lower tight part of the sleeve is crochet, a fashion which skilled needlewomen may adopt for themselves. The wide girdle or stomacher is crochet, and rich fronts and panels for the skirt are among the most dis-

tingue ornaments.

The white bonnet will be high dress for summer at fetes, visits and theaters. White straw and crinoline together form the prettiest, most useful bonnets in fancy pokes which shade the eyes a little. White striped silk net and the malines net, which dates its revived favor from the Princess Beatrice's from it with the appropriate couplet, wedding, make pretty hats, drawn on satin Ladies and gentlemen, I'd have you for know.

present who expected to reach the bottom-less pit. For a moment no one sirred. Then from a seat back near the door an old man, tanned and weather-beaten, evidently a Georgia cracker, slowly arose and deliber-ately looked around over the audience. He wasso slow in his movements that by the time he had turned his face toward and every eye in the house was upon him. In a curious drawl, every accent of which was plainly audible to every one present, he said: 'Wal, parson, it looks ex if you an' I was the only ones goin'! WILD CLEMATIS willo CLEMATIS
or white lilac for trimming. Elegant capotes
have the crown covered with a piece of
point lace, either point de gene or round
point laid in easy folds with a brim of fancy
straw braid and knot of rich ribbon and
aigrette, or a bandeau of fine flowers. The flower capote in shaded violets, fresh as if from the woods an hour before, has a curve or two of point lace, and a tuft of flowers to break its outline, but the high front trimming and the crowns loaded with a dozen large rosebuds, are decidedly past style. The newest monteurs copy the modest brilliant Alpine blossoms from the flower haunts of the Pyrences. An exquisite wreath of blue gentian with fine seeding grasses veronicas and speedwell, pink and myosotis, yellow hawkweeds and their lowny seed tufts with the grayish powdered herbage of mountain sides are repeated accurately enough to delight a botanist. Tufts of golden green oats and grass with silvery plumes half ripe, sprays of tender birch leaves, newly unfolded, or mountain laurel offer the cool, delightful contrast desired for snowy tulle, with crape embroidered golden gleams.

> se milliners' creations are fairly etheral, and would poetize any plessing woman if she knew how to wear them. But the wrong woman, somehow, almost always gets there, and her pudgy hand crushes the crape and farnishes the tulle which surmounts her conplace face, and she wears it with a te dress and amber-beaded mantle which make one hot to look at. One recalls the cirls in country churches, dressed in white huslin, gown and mantle, with almond bloom faces and blue eyes looking out from the white tulle bonnets which never lost their freshness with cool, careful handling. They knew how to dress in white, as somet mes one sees a lady at a garden party, a forman with an instinct for the fitness of things, It is no use to say "white bonnets are worn with anything." That does not alter the fitness of the matter, or the displeasure to a sensitive eye. A white bonnet requires a delicate complexion calls the girls in country churches, dressed

POETIC CREATIONS.

and white, or gray and white, when the bonnet will harmonize. A black lace or silk
gown of good quality, a fichu or small map
of China crape and bonnet of white crinoline straw trimmed with crape lisse, fine
pearl-edged ribbon and aigrettes would be
in subdued good style anywhere.

A FEW POINTERS. L. F. V. can cleanse her fine all-wool white suit at home, but had better rip the belt off the skirt and take out the drapery, as it cannot be pressed well without. Wash in the purest soft water, blood warm, and plenty of it, making a water, blood warm, and plenty of it, making a lather of tine borax soap or white tollet soap, leaving the soap in the water while washing the dress, so that as the soiled goods take up the alkali more may be dissolved for use. Wash in suds twice, quickly, with the hands, not rubbing on a washboard, and rinse in weak suds with a little blueing in the water. Dry in the shade and iros, while damp, on the wrong side, it cashinger on the right, if fininel or serge, using clean sheets and heavy hot irons. R. C. C.—To ourl bangs without making them fuzzy or fluffy, without a hot iron, and to make them lie in rings, use the Montague haircurfers, found at any good tancy store. The best way, however, is to fold the rings of hair in tissue paper and pinch with curling tongs.

BLONDE IGNORAMUS—A round-faced, young-looking, ashey blonde of 30 may choose for her

BLONDE IGNORAMUS—A round-faced, younglooking, ashey blonde of 30 may choose for her
all-summer hat to go with all soris of suits, a
capote of black lace with transparent crown,
and brim of one row of fancy braid, with soft,
satin-striped ribbon laid in flat scant foldings
above the brim. Cover the wire crown with
clear black net, and gather black lace a finger
wide on this, either two rows round the crown
or lengthwise across it, with a knot of five
loops and three notehed ends of ribbon at the
back or near the top of the crown, and a narrow
wreath of fine pink forgetmenots just under
the lower lace, and a pleating of black crape
lisse, or black lace under the brim, relieving
the light hair. Black ribbon, with narrow dark,
gay stripes is artistic and suits such a bonnes
well. Or a small poke of crinoline straw, the
brim lined with black lace, the crown trimmed
black lisse, embroidered in silver, black tullo
scarf and fluets of two shades, or gentians. Or
the same bonnet with white and silver ribbon,
black lace and aigrette of pale green and gold
oats.

FOR A COFFEE PARTY. to be given 30 guests in June, send the parch

ment paper, correspondence cards, with design of coffee service in pen and ink, and written note requesting the pleasure of your friends' company such a date, adding simply "coffee from 4 to 6 o'clock," or the hours you choose. Serve coffee in the back parlor, having a table Serve coffee in the back parlor, having a table with drawn and embroidered damask cloth, coffee service, cups, baskets of wafers, thin bread and butter, crisp coffee rolls and rusks, amail cakes and strawberries, with or without ice cream, as you like. The wildest variety of crisp cakes is in place at a "coffee" party. The German "coffee" afternoous is hardly complete without a dark-spiced, crusty-loaf cake, having pienty of plums, or a sort of cake sandwich, slices of cake thickly spread with jam and laid together. The newest coffee service in silver has the tall, straight French coffee pot, either in rich repousse cover and top, or and laid together. The newest cones service in silver has the tall, straight French coffee pot, either in rich repousse cover and top, or plain, burnished with an embossed band near the top and straight, stump handle or cocca wood, ivory or amber, low sugar bowl and slender cream jug. The newest table linen for these parties is plain damask twill, or fine momie linen, embroidered in clematis or hydrangea patterns with pale yellow centers to flowers, above drawn work borders, an eighth of a yard deep, above the inch wide hems. Sets of these cloths with 18 napkins to correspond are \$17 up. The point lace cake napkins and doyleys are new this season, and cost \$4 each and upward. The hostess receives in the front drawing room, chats with guesta, and asks them to have coffee—not "will you have a cup of coffee or tea," or "some coffee, or a servant in gala dress hands it and the cakes, while laddes sip coffee standing or sitting, and goesip. It is very nice to serve coffee in a cool, wide porch corner, screened by awning on two sides, making a half garden party.

A REMEDY FOR A RED PACE.

A REMEDY FOR A RED FACE. READER-Redness and flushing in summer and plethoria may be reduced by using Carlsbad salts, Vichy water, seltzer aperient or Con-gress water mornings, cool sponge baths, wearing linen next to the skin and dressing lightly. using acid vegetable drinks at meals, lemona using acid vegetable drinks at meals, lemonade or grape juice, and hard, whole meal crackers in place of bread. Attention to diet and personal habits, bathing, etc., must be rigid, as flushing and plethora are forerunears of serious apoplectic and paralytic troubles.

The lady who inquires for a good steamer dress and traveling suit for the continent is advised to have a good black American silk, with plain skirt and surplice waist, and Freedle. with plain skirt and surplice waist, and Freech, polonaise of fine black wool. India twill or batiste with embroidery trimming. This with a white lace collarette or black lace one, rests and surah blouses will give variety enough for the tour and a pleasant change at the hotels. Blue black, slate gray or deep green may be chosen for similar costumes, but black is always ladylike and safe. Shirley Dark.

AS NEGRO MINSTRELS. The Time When Booth and Jefferson Used

Burnt Cork.

Harner's Magazine. In 1850, when Mr. Edwin Booth was 17, and a year after his debut as Tressel at the Boston Museum, he gave an entertainment with Mr. John S. Clarke, a youth of the same age, at the court house in Bellair, Md. They read selections from "Richelieu," "The Stranger," and the quar-rel scene from "Julius Cæsar," singing during the evening with blackened faces a number of negro melodies, "using approprinte dialogue," as Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke records in the memoirs of her brother, "and accompanying their vocal attempts with the somewhat inharmonious banjo and bones." Mrs. Clarke reprints the programme of this performance, and pictures the distress of the young tragedians when they discovered, on agriving in the town, that the Simon Pure negro they had employed as an advance agent had in every instance posted their bills upside down.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the third and pres-ent bearer of that honored name, was unquestionably the youngest actor who ever made his mark with a piece of burnt cork. The story of his first appearance is told by Mr. William Winter in his volume entitled "The Jeffersons." Coming from a family of actors, the boy, as was natural, was reared amidst theatrical surroundings, and when only 4 years of age—in 1833—he was brought upon the stage by Thomas D. Rice himself, on a benefit occasion at the Washington Theater. The little Joe, blackened and arrayed precisely like his senior, was carried on to the stage in a bag upon the shoulders of the shambling Ethiopian, and emptied

know, I's got a little darky here to jump Jim Crow. Mrs. John Drew, who was present, says that the boy instantly assumed the exact atti-tude of Jim Crow Rice, and sang and danced in imitation of his sable companion, a per-fect miniature likeness of that long, ungainly, grotesque and exceedingly comedian.

TELL TALE TUNES.

How a Maine Carpenter Hires His Men by Music. Lewiston Journal.]

A boss carpenter in Maine had one question which he always asked of journeymen who applied to be taken into his employ. If the applicant was found to possess all the other necessary qualifications, the

"boss" would ask him: "What are your favorite tunes?" "Why, what do you want to know that

"You whistle and sing some at your work, don't von?" "Oh, yes." "Well, what tunes do you generally whistle or sing?"
"Oh, there's 'Old Hundred,' and 'Auld
Lang Syne' and 'Down by the Weeping

Willows'-and" "That's enough," the boss would exclaim.

"That's enough," the boss would exclaim.
"You won't do for me. Too slow, them
tunes be. Good-day!"
On the contrary if the applicant answered,
"Ob, I generally whistle 'Yankee Doodle,
or 'Money Musk," or "The Fisher's Hornpipe," or something of that sort," the carpenter would say at once:

"I think you'll do! Take off your coat if
you want to and go to work." you want to and go to work."

It is related of Brutus that when he read Mark Antony's funcial oration over the body of Casar he remarked, conta